

The Messenger.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1897.

CORN MEAL, CORN FLOUR AND ADULTERANTS

The South Carolina, Virginia and Georgia papers have editorials on the mixed flour and some are instructive. Professor Alexander writes a letter to the Atlanta Constitution as to adulterations of flour. He is of the Georgia state board of health. He says there are adulterations. They are not confined to flour, but milk, baking powders, vinegar, oleomargarine. Professor John McCandless is a chemist of repute. He has been investigating the flour adulteration. His report is not without general interest. He says he has many samples of "flour obtained in the open market," and has "failed to find any mineral adulterant in any of them." The result was very difficult in the instance of adulteration with corn flour. "Concerning the high price of wheat and the relative low price of corn, the temptation to use this adulterant is evident, as corn flour can be bought for less than a cent a pound, and a pound of good wheat flour is worth about three cents," even a small percentage of the adulterant affording a good profit. So it is cheaper corn that is used to make wheat flour. Professor McCandless used the microscope. With it he could detect cornstarch. He says he has not reported the "names of all brands found to be adulterated, because some of them are sacked and branded by our Atlanta merchants who may be in ignorance of the character of the flour they are sacking and also because the proposed law forbidding such adulteration has not yet been enacted."

He made a close analysis of two well known brands in the market, and names them as they knew if they have used adulterants. He found corn in Ballard's Obelisk and none in Pillsbury's Best. He enters into a statement at length, but we take this only: "If a man were obliged to live wholly on the adulterated or the undiluted flour, he would live longer and better on the latter than the former, because the narrow nutritive ratio of the Pillsbury is more normal than the wide nutritive ratio of the Obelisk."

"But as the greater part of our people, unless in abject poverty, get all the protein they need to build blood and muscle out of meat physiologically speaking, the adulterated flour is just as good and more economical than the other. It used to be considered that starch of corn meal was not so digestible as that of wheat, but the very recent researches of Stone show that corn starch is dissolved and converted into sugar quicker than wheat starch, by the saliva, while in the pancreatic fluids, corn starch was converted and wheat remained unchanged."

"These more recent results of science corroborate the evidence of experience."

This is really instructive. The crime is not injuring the health then by adulterations, but selling as wheat flour a product composed of both wheat and corn. Professor McCandless has some of the corn flour used for adulteration and he says it "is very finely ground," is "beautifully white," and to the unaided eye "resembles flour very closely." He publishes an analysis of the corn flour and corn meal. He says it will not damage health but is "a fraud on your pockets." There will be no harm but benefit does perhaps to have the fine corn flour introduced, or the mixed wheat flour, but let law compel the right branding. Corn is indeed a most important staff of life. The negroes on the plantations prior to freedom always preferred cornbread, waterground, with the bacon and greens or hog and hominy to "white folks bread." It has a greater staying quality and they knew it by experience.

LITERARY GOSSIP

When "Peter Ibbetson" appeared some four or five years ago in noticing it The Messenger spoke of its originality, beauty and strength, promising much for the future, and showing that a new force had appeared in literature. Subsequently it was noticed that its reception had not been commensurate with its merits, that it was beyond all fair question a novel of exceeding interest and of very unusual artistic qualities, suggesting the great Thackeray in places. Since then Du Maurier has published "Trilby," that had such an extraordinary sale all around the English reading world. Then followed his posthumous novel, so full of tenderness and human interest, and with here and there such rare touches of personal incidents, in the quasi auto-biographic vein. Of these the weakest, the most unsatisfactory, the most inartistic is "The Martian." It is far below the first, and quite inferior to the second. There is no doubt of this, as may be seen by consulting the foremost critics in England and the north. Du Maurier might have equalled "Peter Ibbetson" if he had lived longer and had been blessed with vigorous health. He was undoubtedly a man of very genuine gifts, of real endowment as to the literary fac-

ulty, a peculiar and very unmistakable development late in life, a writer of books quite out of the common, and produced most charming effects with a touch revealing genius and a heart overflowing with pathos and sympathy for his fellow men. It is quite noticeable in all the interesting papers concerning his death and his works that we have seen from foremost critics that we have read, not one fails to emphasize the fact that his greatest triumph was his first novel. We do not believe that any capable critic will gainsay the judgment. His success with "Trilby" killed him. He over-taxed his intellectual productiveness and died before the last child of his genius was seen by the reading world. The second number of London "Literature" heads a discussion of Du Maurier with "A Tragic Success." It is not a highly appreciative discussion, but is not unkind if candid. It shows the calmness of judgment as well as of candor so essential in true criticism. We copy a few sentences, showing what in England will be the final valuation:

"True it may be that it was upon the autobiographical element in his three books that Mr. Du Maurier's enormous public fixed; in the case, indeed, of the second of the three this truth is too obvious to need insisting upon. Nor need we doubt that, when the astonishing Vogue of 'Trilby' had brought forth Du Maurier's earlier and incomparably finer novel from the shadow of unmerited neglect, it was again from the autobiographic chapters of 'Peter Ibbetson,' from the exquisitely told story of the author's childish days in the Parisian suburb, that they drew such pleasure as the book was capable of affording them." He had nothing new to say, and he must have been conscious of it, but the public invited him—bribed him, in fact, with glittering offers—to say the old things over again. The result was 'The Martian,' another great commercial success, but from the artistic point of view, a comparative failure."

Alas! the really charming writer will produce no more either to excite critical discussion or to entertain his large constituency. The cunning hand lies stiff and the warm heart is still, and the productive brain no longer creates those scenes that in his books preserve a perennial freshness that will not depart with the frosts of many winters. Gone forever is the gracious, lovable man who so overran with pleasantness and quips and delightful talk. Let the world be glad for what it has and be thankful.

Lord Tennyson was a close, careful winnower of his own verse, and throughout his very protracted literary life brought to bear upon his own composition a stern judgment never wrong in its critical conclusions. He omitted much he wrote. His son, after consultation with literary friends, publishes in his most admirable life of his father, a good many of the rejected poems. Some of the new ones are of very decided excellence and interest. For instance he left out several stanzas in his superb poem on the "Dream of Fair Women." We copy two of these which will interest the lover of true poetry:

"So, lifted high, the poet at his will
Leta the great world flit from him,
Higher thro' secret splendours, mounting
Self poised, nor fears to fall,

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.
While I spoke thus the seedsman
Memory
Sow'd my deep-furrowed thought with
many a name
Whose glory will not die."

Those who have been interested in the opinions of men and books in these columns will remember probably that we have referred many times during the last six or eight years to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as one of the masterful men of the last hundred years. We remember to have quoted from Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, that the highest intellect seen in England since Milton was Coleridge. We refer to him here to say again that he was one of the most richly endowed poets in England of this century. He is not much read, nor are his exquisite gifts generally understood, but he was indeed a master in inspiration and in the technique of poetry and has been scarcely rivalled in this century of poets. We quote from a fine paper on Tennyson in "Literature":

"To the poetry of Coleridge, perhaps the only poet, or the only one since Milton, who ranks with him as a master of melody, Tennyson was devoted, his special favorites being 'The Ancient Mariner,' 'Christabel,' and the fragmentary strain of unearthly dream music 'Kubla Khan.'"

BABY'S SMOOTH, FAIR SKIN

A Grateful Mother Writes this Letter—

Tells all about Her Troubles when Baby Broke out with Scrofula Sores.

"At the age of two months, my baby began to have sores break out on his right cheek. We used all the external applications that we could think or hear of, to no avail. The sores spread all over one side of his face. We consulted a physician and tried his medicine, and in a week the sore was gone. But to my surprise in two weeks more another scrofula looking sore appeared on baby's arm. It grew worse and worse, and when he was three months old, I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla. I also took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before the first bottle was finished, the sores were well and have never returned. He is now four years old, but he has never had any sign of those scrofula sores since he was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I feel very grateful. My boy owes his good health and smooth, fair skin to this great medicine." Mrs. S. S. WROTE, Farmington, Delaware. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

IS IT A DEADLY BLOW?

Heigho! At last a reaction is on against the germ theory. We some how expected this. The pendulum had swung so far in one direction—every thing was from a germ—that in time it was sure to swing to the other extreme and be rejected. Perhaps in this as in almost all things else the middle way is the safe, the sure way. Dr. Thomas Powell, at Los Angeles, California, declares that he has taken into his system during the last ten years, both by vaccination and subcutaneous injection, germs of the most deadly diseases. He believes germs incapable of successfully assailing the tissues of the living body; that they are the results, and not the cause, of disease, and bring about decomposition of the obstructing matter which constitutes predisposition to the disease, causing it to be passed out of the blood. Dr. Powell does not believe germs of virulent diseases to be in all cases harmless, but where they prove dangerous an acquired or hereditary predisposition to that particular disease must exist.

In the presence of twenty-five doctors he took the bacilli of typhoid, inclosed in gelatine capsules, into the stomach. Then he took the bacilli of diphtheria by both vaccination and subcutaneous inoculation. The physicians found no effect had been made upon pulse, respiration, or temperature. Some of Dr. Powell's patients and members of his family have submitted to similar experiments, with the same results. Dr. Powell offers to take into his system, in the presence of any jury of physicians, the germs of any deadly disease that have been cultivated, if he be given time to eradicate from his system any predisposition to the disease the germ represents.

But this is not all that is recent. A learned bishop who has been in the east travelling, has grown sceptical as to the much-coddled germ theory. He went where filth abounded and the result is he rejects the theory. His health steadily improved in the midst of filth, and yet he thinks that while at Jerusalem he must have, in various ways, filled himself with what the doctors call malignant germs. So possibly another theory has received a black eye it will carry around. If Dr. Powell can do as is affirmed—have seen it mentioned in two exchanges—and if the good bishop can fatten on germs and grow better in health what is to become of the theory that seemed so well based? Is it a deadly blow?

THE CEREAL CROP OF 1897

We are always doubtful of statistics, and there is so very much guessing. We have seen newspapers of two parties present the opposite results in which figures count. The grain harvest of the present year is given, but in the very nature of things it is more or less speculative—a guess. How close the figures are to facts, we may not tell or even know. But they may be practically far out of the way. The New York Financial Chronicle publishes what it guesses at, basing its calculations for 1897 upon the acreage (another guess) and condition percentages. Here are the figures for five years:

	1897.	1896.	1895.
Total Production.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
Corn	1,897,280,000	2,283,875,165	2,151,128,587
Wheat	482,000,000	427,684,346	467,102,947
Oats	722,704,000	705,346,000	824,443,530
Barley	62,550,000	69,655,213	87,022,714
Rye	27,418,000	24,369,047	27,010,670

Totals 3,206,052,000 3,512,970,185 3,556,767,878

Total Production. 1894. 1893. Bushels. Bushels.

Corn 1,212,770,822 1,619,496,131

Wheat 420,257,416 365,151,725

Oats 662,036,928 638,854,850

Barley 61,400,485 69,869,495

Rye 26,727,415 26,555,416

Totals 2,423,202,476 2,750,907,647

It makes the crop for the present year considerably less than for 1896 or 1895. It is still a good yield, gives abundance for man and beast, and if properly distributed would prevent all starvation and suffering for want of food among the poorer classes. But unfortunately wheat is the only one of the important five products considered, that fetches live and live prices. The rise in wheat is as is generally known now, caused solely by the short supply in foreign countries. If the harvests abroad shall be large and general wheat will drop in price. It means higher prices for American breadwinners, but more business for railroads and steamships.

SNAPS.

The cry is in the north "plenty of murders and no hangings."

After the powers are done with Greece there will hardly be enough left to grease a dinner for Turkey.

Clement C. Moore wrote in 1822 that famous poem "A Visit from St. Nicholas." It will live through the centuries probably.

We all know that the trusts flourish greatly under a high robber tariff. Let the country try an experiment and see how it will be under a genuine low tariff—one for revenue only.

President Andrews, northern, says that it is true "that England has the United States in a species of colonial dependence, because of enormous debts due her on this side of the water."

A Spanish bull fighter saw the Yale-Princeton fight. He was appalled. He thinks bull fighting a gay and festive

game compared with it. But a Rev. Cullen of Yale, thinks it delightful and highly innocent. Which is the man who can not see?

England has been visited by the most destructive gales it has had in many years. They swept over the entire coast, and death was sown by the winds. Many large vessels were driven on the rocks and foundered and all on board were lost. Hardly a seaport escaped, and several were submerged.

Some editors who set in fine rooms on easy cushioned chairs and draw big salaries indite decorated editorials in floral style over the fine times and the glorious prosperity who really know nothing of the actual condition of the people and struggles of the poor, God's people. This world is given over to humbug.

PUBLIC OPINION

Ex-Minister Taylor is of the opinion that the president should turn the Cuban question over to congress. That is undoubtedly what he will do. Evidently the president thinks, however, that the new Spanish ministry should have opportunity to try its policy of conciliation and humanity. A few weeks ought to suffice to show the character of that as well as its efficiency as a means of pacifying the Cubans.—Syracuse Standard.

Edward Moran was killed on the Elevated road on Tuesday because he was in a hurry. To catch a train and save a minute he rushed across the track—to his death. Moran was typical of the average American business man, who is always rushing pell-mell to his destination, and when he gets there usually finds that he has time on his hands. We are forever rushing and tearing to business, and taking things leisurely when we get there. This is the land of boiled breakfasts and gobbled lunches, the land of dyspepsia and all its attendant ills.—New York Herald.

The arrival, misconduct and riotous disorder of which the students of our leading American colleges and universities are so often guilty, finds no other parallel in authentic history than that furnished by the conduct of the students of the country who require colleges and universities to supply us with swaggers and brawlers, and those young gentlemen will find the field well occupied with foemen worthy of their muscle when they enter on their careers. What is their blood, birth, breeding, education, wealth and social standing worth, if, after all, they find their full equals in the rowdies and slums of our cities?—Norfolk Pilot.

Hotel Kennon, Goldsboro

News reaches us that there are considerable changes taking place with the Hotel Kennon, at Goldsboro. Mr. L. T. Brown, who was for a number of years manager of the Yarbrough House and more recently connected with the Park House, Raleigh, is to become the manager of the Kennon, while Mr. B. H. Griffin, the present proprietor, is to continue in that position. There is, it is said, to be a general overhauling and refitting of the Kennon, and there is a determination on the part of Messrs Griffin and Brown to make it second to no hotel in that section of the state. These gentlemen are both experienced hotelists and are known to thousands of the traveling public and others. They make an unusually strong team, and the fact that they are associated in the management of the Kennon, is a guarantee that it is to be an up-to-date house for all who may chance to pass that way. The Messenger wishes Messrs. Griffin and Brown much success in the management of the already popular Hotel Kennon.

Farewell Ball

Howard Relief Social Club gave its farewell ball last night at Adrian hall, which hereafter is to be turned over to the paid fire department. Professor Miller's orchestra furnished the music, and there was a good attendance, about twenty-five couples participating in the dance. At midnight Mrs. P. N. Fick served one of her splendid suppers, and in all respects the occasion was a most successful and enjoyable one.

The committee managing the affair consisted of those clever gentlemen, Messrs. Geo. H. Heyer, Charles Schnibben, Wm. H. Koenig and Henry Geischen.

It is probable that the club will soon be reorganized under another name.

Laid to Rest

All that was earthly of the lamented Mrs. Julia A. Morrill was laid in the tomb yesterday afternoon at Oakdale cemetery. The funeral services took place at 4 p. m. at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Augusta Farrow, 711 North Fifth street, and were solemnly and impressively conducted by the Rev. W. B. Oliver and the Rev. J. W. Kramer. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends, and the remains were sorrowfully followed to their resting place. Beautiful flowers were tenderly laid upon the grave. The pallbearers were Major D. O'Connor, Captain E. W. Manning, Captain Jas. M. McGowan, and Messrs. S. L. Smith, John McDougald and T. W. Wood.

Work on the Artesian Well at Hilton

Messrs. Thompson & Storey, contractors for the Clarendon Waterworks Company's 12-inch artesian well, began drilling on the well at Hilton yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. They got down about twenty feet and got in one section of casing. The drill passed through sand and about two feet thickness of shells. An early start will be made this morning and it is expected that by night the well will reach a depth of 100 feet or more.

A CASE OF VODOO.

Baptiste Moran was never credited with having more than enough sense to hoe his cane row and eat his meals in the hours when the plantation bell warned him to do one or the other, but he had sense enough to know when he was voodooed.

Hadn't he come in from the field one day, in the dull, hot weeks in southern Louisiana, when the cane had been "laid by," to find that "yaller city coon," Dick, talking sweet to his wife and eating a good dinner out of his own tin plate? And when he had expressed what mind there was in him—and more than he was thought to possess—to Dick, didn't that scoundrel sprinkle a hoodoo around his house that night to bring destruction on his whole family; and mark a bloody circle on his doorstep that he had to climb out of his window and pay a white man to wash the stain away?

All things considered, the men in Orange Grove plantation quarters felt that Baptiste Moran was a terribly injured man, and as no one knew on whom the "Yoodoo" would next fall they thought "Yaller Dick" would be better out of this world than in it; and convinced Baptiste that such was the case.

A voodooed man is nerved to any deed, and in the inevitable quarrel that followed the next evening "Yaller Dick" expiated a crime the enormity of which—being a city bred dandy—he never knew, and it was Baptiste's razor that lay by the gashed throat of his victim. In a few moments the white people on the place learned of the "accident," and formed a posse to scour the plantation for Baptiste and watch the road and river escapes. At the same time the regular dip of oars rose and fell in the plantation draining canal, and the gurgling of water falling away from the prow of a skiff made a cool sound in the warm night. Now and then there was a soft, rushing noise, as when the reds along the bank grated against the skiff, or an alligator stirred out of his lair. In the skiff's stern a black figure crouched at the rudder; a large black figure alternately rowed and poled the skiff down the narrow stream. Behind them a slim, dark oar floated.

From reed-grown shores they plunged into the inky blackness of a Louisiana cheneire. Ancient oaks swished long moss pendants in to the water. These gave place to the dead silence of the cypress swamp. One's own voice in a cypress swamp sounds uncanny. Baptiste trembled when his father-in-law spoke.

"Hi! lucky for you, Baptiste," he said, "that I had dis hyar skiff all provisioned for fishin' tonight. On'y I'm startin' at dark 'stid o' befo' dawn. Hi'll be darker yet to go home because de moon'll be set. I'm gwine put dis grub in dat perogue o' yours beehine us an' set you on de shell bank o' Lake L'Orie. You ain't never been dis-ways, hi's de white folks' bestest fishin' place for redfish. But I tell you now, don't you stop to think o' fishin'. Hi'll be too pitch dark for you to strike dat bayou I gwine set you to, arter de moon sets; but jes as you see de 'Ships Yardarms dip to 3 o'clock, you git in you perogue an' strike crost dat lake and lay round de west side tell de fus crack o' day. Den you'll see three oak stumps an' de mouf of a bayou back on 'em. You jest light down dat bayou fo' all you's wuff, an' jes keep a-goin' long as you an' your grub holds out. You'll drop in on some cheneire settlements down yonder whar nobody aint gwine ax yo' no questions. Dat yaller coon'll be clar forgot befo' we knows him."

They were out in the open prairie now, floating between the long, rank grasses.

"I'm gwine make de hoodoo doctor take dat spell off'n me," groaned Baptiste despairingly.

"Gwine be mighty dark gettin' home," remarked the old man, pushing off. "Dey'll be stars 'nuff fo' de Yardsticks, dough, ar I 'minds yo' don't jes forget dat ef you don't want to be coched in de mornin'!"

The moon was half below the horizon, and showed a vast level of darkness on every hand. The stillness was profound.

Baptiste lay prostrate with fear and loneliness. Perhaps he slept. Later on hunger and a sense of danger stirred him to an upright position. His eyes turned toward the "Yardsticks"; there were no stars visible. They fell on the lake, and then, with a yell of terror, he huddled in a heap.

In the level blackness of the prairies, beneath the dark dome of the sky, the lake lay a sheet of vibrating fire. Fire without flames; that rippled like warm moonlight and burned without sound.

The negro was almost paralyzed with terror. "Oh, my Lord! My Lord!" he moaned. "Is dat man done sent hell-fire fo' to catch me befo' I is daid! Oh, my Lord! My Lord, sabe me! Sabe me!"

He broke into wild prayer and mumbled all the voodoo charms he had ever heard, rocking himself to and fro in an agony of fear. Whenever he looked up to see whether the lake of fire had been removed its weird glow shone into his eyes and lit in his weak brain a fire of madness. The hours that sped were like years in Inferno to him. So great was the torture of his mind that the pain inflicted by hundreds of swamp insects was unnoticed by his body.

At last his eyes looked out upon the gray dawn lying over a gray level, and the quiet water of the lake, gray too, in the monochrome of land and sky.

He felt dizzy with relief. Presently, as the light grew, his eyes rested on his perogue, while far across the water a black spot marked the chene oak stumps and the way to freedom.

Reaction followed quickly. That lake was the mouth of hell. Daylight could not fool him, he would never trust himself upon it. He watched it with a fascination as it grew pink in the sunrise. Presently he ate, still watching it. His brain was too paralyzed to take any account of time or circumstances.

The air vibrated with heat. The prairie fowl piped in the coarse grass sprinkled with wild flowers; blue legged herons and plovers, with now and then the beautiful plumaged grosbeak, dipped in the lake for a morning bath. A large rowboat glided into the lake and drifted a moment.

"There he is!" yelled a man in the boat, and the oars splashed forward.

A month later a perspiring crowd, gathered about the stuffy little court-

house of Pointe Ste. Marie, lying midway between New Orleans and the Gulf. Negroes were in the majority, even on the jury.

Judge LaFrance was stout and very warm. He was not without wit in his method of abbreviating trials in midsummer.

"On account of the heat we will hold court out of doors," announced the judge. The hot little court room had been emptied of its benches. The judge sat on a small wooden balcony in front of the courthouse with his Panama hat on. The balcony had a trifle of shade, but the jury sat where the shade would not reach them till late afternoon; the prosecuting attorney and counsel for defense sat, likewise, in the sun, and the audience followed suit.

"Hats off before the court!" said Judge LaFrance, and the preliminaries to the trial of Baptiste Moran were in order.

"The prosecuting attorney felt as if his eloquence and his argument alike were cooing out of his heated forehead. The defence cut his flight of oratory down to a silhouette of the case. The witnesses proved the horrible manner in which Baptiste had been voodooed; the cost of getting a voodoo doctor to remove the spell, and the "no count" character of the "yaller coon." To this they added that Baptiste was suffering so with remorse that he could not sleep at nights for groaning about the "lake of re."

Baptiste's wife wept vociferously through the whole proceedings, and delivered a monologue on the virtues of her husband. Nobody troubled her as long as she did not yell too long.

The judge charged the jury, and they repaired to the hot jury room to deliberate. The negro majority were for acquittal—on the evidence, not on the judge's charge.

"What do you say?" asked one of the white majority of the others.

"Oh, he seems a pretty quite sort of nigger, with no sense; he never was troublesome before. I say, a few years in the penitentiary."

The negroes began to argue the case. The heat and odor in the tiny jury room were impatient; the judge sent in to know if they hadn't reached a verdict.

"I've got a long ride for dinner, and I'm blessed if I wait in this room another minute on any nigger. We'll hang him and be done with it," said the foreman.

The negro jurymen pleaded for their verdict; outside the wife of the accused howled dismally.

Presently the foreman handed the judge the verdict:

"Justifiable homicide in self defence. We recommend the prisoner to the mercy of the court."

The attorneys grinned and mopped their brows; the judge frowned, as he pronounced sentence, at the foreman of the jury.

"One year of hard labor, in the state penitentiary," he said. "The court now stands adjourned until 2 o'clock this afternoon."

N. B.—Phosphorus and vegetable gas seem to charge lakes in the lower Louisiana marshes as with fire.

The Chicago Market

Chicago, December 1.—Wheat was firm today, but very dull until about twenty minutes from the close of the session, when it started on a decline that left it 1/4 to 1/2 lower for May than it closed yesterday. Lack of export demand was apparently the weakening feature finally. Corn, oats and provisions were all dull and price changes at the close were insignificant.

Deputies Fight With Moonshiners

Washington, December 1.—Deputy Commissioner Wilson, of the internal revenue bureau, has received the following telegram, dated yesterday from Revenue Agent Furguson at Greenville, S. C., in regard to the fight with moonshiners: "Deputy Collectors Phillips and Dave Steward were wounded on a late today by Eli Pittman. Please offer reward at once." The department has instituted an investigation and a reward may be offered later.

The republican revolt is on in Ohio

Hanna has been marked for slaughter by the factionists in his own party. The opportunity of the latter is the small margin of the republican majority in the legislature. It is possible for the defeat of the Cleveland boss to be compassed by a coalition between the anti-Hanna republicans and the democrats. The latter can not elect one of four own party to the senate. Then it becomes their duty to accomplish the next best thing by uniting to defeat the one man whose overthrow means for the democracy the greatest moral victory won in many years—Kansas City Times.

MERCHANTS!

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R. W. HICKS.

WHOLESALE GROCER